

Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",
etc., Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation
and Member, Board of Directors,
Catholic Youth Organization



The following mag-
azines all bear this
trademark as your
guarantee of the best
in comic readings:

6 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS*
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS*
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS*
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every other month)
ALL-FLASH*
ALL-STAR COMICS*
BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF*
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN*

4 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every third month)
ALL-FUNNY COMICS
BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year; and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

WANT
ACTION
?



WANT
MYSTERY
?



WANT
LAUGHS
?



LOOK FOR THE
SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL...
IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
MAGAZINE COMICS!



BATMAN
No.25

OCT...NOV.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

**ARE TWO VILLAINS
BETTER THAN ONE?**

**JOKER AND PENGUIN
GET TOGETHER
IN THIS ISSUE!**



BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

**Knights
of
Knavery**

BOB
KANE

Deed of Partnership

PART I

BE IT KNOWN TO ALL AND
SUNDRY THAT THE PENGUIN,
HEREINAFTER DESIGNATED AS THE
PARTY OF THE FIRST PART, DOES
AGREE TO ENTER INTO PARTNERSHIP
WITH THE JOKER, HENCEFORTH DE-
SCRIBED AS THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART,
FOR THE JOINT PURPOSE OF ROBBERING, PILFER-
ING, PURLOINING, SPOILING AND OTHERWISE
LOOTING THE CITY OF GOTHAM BY VARIOUS
AND SUNDRY INDIGENOUS DEVICES.

PART II

IT HAS ALSO BEEN AGREED THAT
ALL ENMITY BE SET ASIDE BE-
TWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND
PARTIES UNTIL SUCH TIME AS
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
BE LAID BY THE HEELS, IT
BEING UNDERSTOOD SAID
BATMAN AND ROBIN CON-
STITUTE THE CHIEF BARRIER
TO THE SUCCESS OF THE
PROPOSED ENTERPRISE.

SIGNED *The Penguin*
SIGNED *The Joker*



NESTLED AMONGST THE ROLLING SLOPES OF GOTHAM'S SUBURBS LIES THE HOME OF THE RICHEST WOMAN IN TOWN,
MRS. VAN LANDORP...



WHAT A SERENE AND TRANQUIL PICTURE ---

BUT WAIT--!

DEAR ME -- TO THINK THAT ONE OF MY INTELLECT SHOULD WALK INTO SUCH A TRAP. HASTE IS MY ONLY RESOURCE NOW!



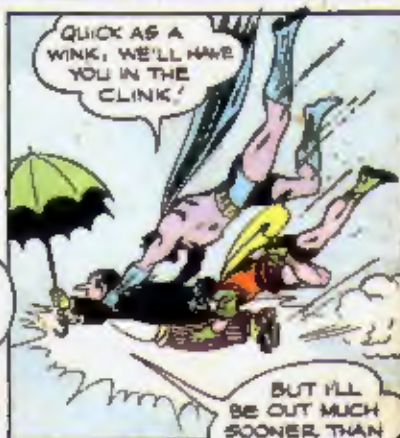
NO--YOU ARE NOT DECEIVED. IT IS INDEED THE PENGUIN, THAT GROTESQUE BIRD OF ILL-OMEN!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! WILL THOSE TWO NEVER CEASE TO HAUNT MY WAKING MOMENTS?



HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM US NOW, BATMAN!

QUICK AS A WINK, WE'LL HAVE YOU IN THE CLINK!



BUT I'LL BE OUT MUCH SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT GOTHAM PENITENTIARY --

WELL, PENGUIN -- HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HOME AGAIN?

TERRIBLE! BUT WAIT AND SEE IF I DON'T BEGIN TO ROAM AGAIN.



-- TO BE DOGGED BY SUCH ILL-FORTUNE! HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME TO STEAL THE VAN LANDORP EMERALD! THAT THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME -- THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN!



HA-HA! HO-HO-HO! LOOK WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN!

HUH? WHY THIS RAUCOUS OUTBURST OF MIRTH MY LAUGHING MYENA?

THOSE SPINE-CHILLING CHUCKLES! THAT SATANIC VOICE! WHERE HAVE WE HEARD THEM BEFORE?

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN -- MY CARD!

THE JOKER! THAT LEERING MONSTER OF MENACE! WHAT STRANGE TWIST OF FATE HAS PLACED HIM IN THE SAME CELL AS THE PENGUIN! WHAT IMPISH IRONY HAS BROUGHT THESE TWINS IN TRANSRESSION FACE TO FACE! CAN PRISON WALLS CONTAIN THIS COMBINATION OF CRAFT AND CUNNING

POOF--THE JOKER! I READ HOW BATMAN CAUGHT YOU TRYING TO LIFT THE VAN LANDORFF EMERALD LAST WEEK. YOU OUGHT TO HIDE YOUR SILLY, GRINNING FACE IN SHAME. I'M THE KING OF CRIME IN THESE PARTS.

IS THAT SO? LISTEN YOU PUFFED CANARY-- IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, HOW IS IT YOU DIDN'T GET THE EMERALD?

ER-- WE WON'T GO INTO THAT, YOU GIGGLING SHOL! WHY, YOU COULDN'T PICK A BLIND MAN'S ROCKET ON A FOREIGN NIGHT!

NOW LOOK HERE, YOU UMBRELLA-TOPPING UNDERWORLD UPSTART-- THIS TOWN ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US TO OPERATE IN! WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE WHO GOES AND WHO STAYS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME. NOW ABOUT A LITTLE CONTEST? WE'RE BOTH AFTER THE VAN LANDORFF EMERALD-- SHALL WE SAY THAT WHOEVER GETS IT FIRST WINS EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF THE GOTHAM CITY TERRITORY?

THAT SITS ME FINE! NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT AND SHOW YOU UP!

LATER, THE TWO KNIGHTS OF KNAVERY BEGIN A FEARFUL CLAMOR IN THE CELL BLOCK...

WE DEMAND A CLEAN CELL! THIS PLACE IS A PIG-STY!

THE FLOOR HASN'T BEEN SWEEPED IN A MONTH!

IF YOU NOBBY STIR-NUTS WANT A CLEAN CELL, TRY CLEANING IT YOURSELF!

THE SERVICE IN THIS JAIL IS WORSE THAN ALL THE OTHERS I'VE EVER BEEN IN!

BUT AS SOON AS THE GUARD LEAVES THEM
WITH THE BROOM--

TAKING OFF THIS WIRE THAT BINDS THE BROOM'S STRAWS TOGETHER WAS QUITE A BRIGHT IDEA OF MINE.

NOT QUITE AS
BRIGHT AS MY
IDEA OF
FASHIONING IT
INTO A LONG
HOOK!

GUESS I'LL GO SEE
WHETHER THOSE
TWO PUNKS HAVE
SWIFT THEIR
CELL YET--

DOGH

THANKS FOR THE
BROOM, DINI-WIT. HERE'S
WHERE WE SWEEP YOU
OFF YOUR FEET--
HA-HA!

AND BRIEF MINUTES LATER, TWO FLEEING
GIENS REGAIN THEIR FREEDOM--AS
PRISON SIRENS BELATEDLY SOUND THE
ALARM.

WELL, HERE'S WHERE
WE SEPARATE, AND DON'T
FORGET OUR AGREEMENT.

DON'T YOU FORGET IT!
WHEN I GET THAT EMERALD
IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD-
BYE GOTHAM FOR YOU!

THAT EVENING, AT THE
HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE--

WITH THOSE TWO ON THE LOOSE, GOTHAM IS GOING TO BE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

THE JOKER
AND PENGUIN
BOTH! IT WAS
BAD ENOUGH
WHEN WE HAD
TO WORRY
ABOUT ONE
OF THEM AT
A TIME. WE
CAN'T AFFORD
TO LOSE A
MOMENT!

SCANT SECONDS ELAPSE BEFORE THE ANXIOUS PAIR ARE TRANSFORMED INTO THAT DOUBLE-BARRELLED BLIGHT OF EVIL, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN --

WHAT'S
OUR
FIRST
MOVE,
BATMAN?

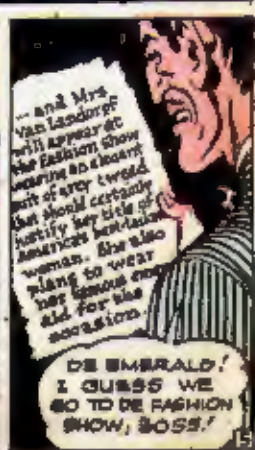
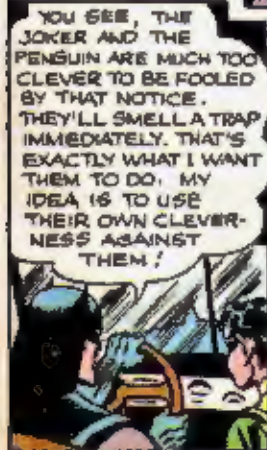
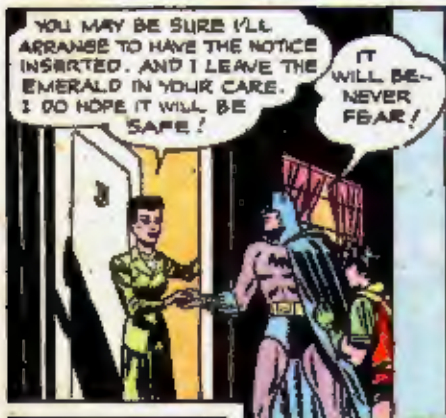
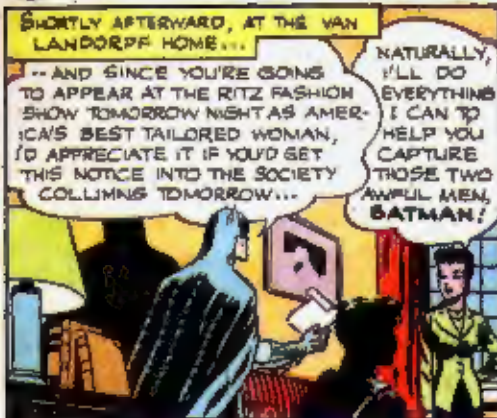
THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN HAVE BOTH BEEN AFTER THE VAN LANDORFF EMERALD FOR A LONG TIME. THEY'RE SURE TO STRIKE AGAIN-- AND WHEN THEY DO, WE WANT TO BE THERE!

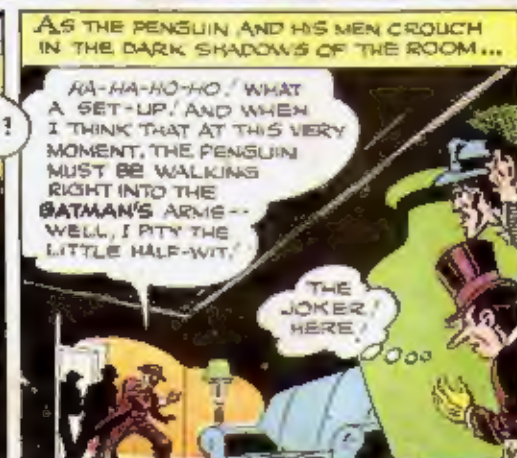
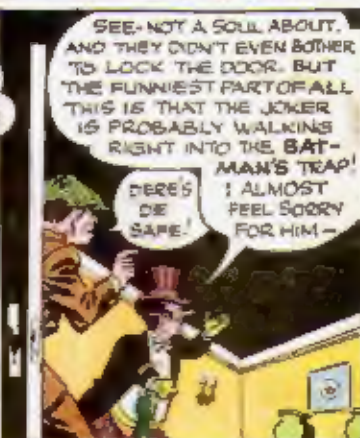
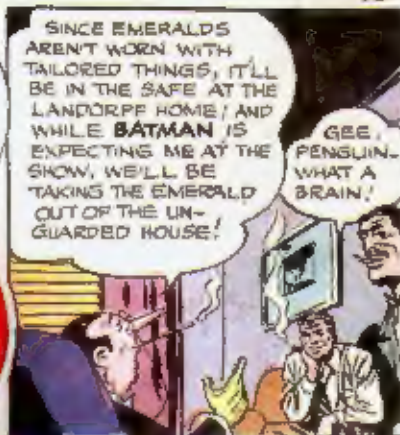
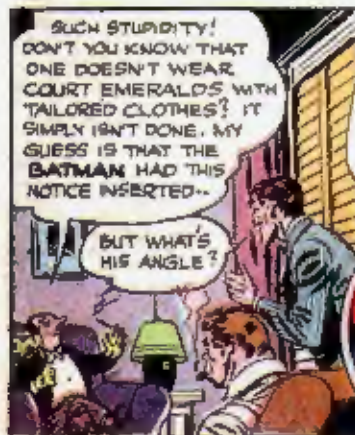
BUT THEY'RE NOT
GOING TO WALK INTO
A TRAP TWICE. THEY'RE
TOO SMART FOR THAT.

NO—BUT I THINK WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE THEIR OWN SMARTNESS AGAINST THEM. I'LL NEED MRS. VAN LANDORFF'S COOPERATION...

Handwritten text on a piece of paper, possibly a note or a page from a book. The text is written in a cursive script and is partially obscured by a red mark on the left side.







THE JOKER'S SEARING REFERENCES ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE VAINGLORIOUS PENGUIN --

WHO'S A LITTLE HALF-WIT!

WHAT! THE PENGUIN! BUT I THOUGHT...

HOT INSULTS IGNITE GLOWING TEMPERERS AND IN A MERE MATTER OF SECONDS --

I'LL TEACH YOU MANNERS, YOU SASS-ING BUFFOON!

WHY, YOU WADDLING WIND-BAG -- TAKE THIS!

BUT WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, TWO CAPED FIGURES SUDDENLY ENTER THE FRAY --

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK BOYS -- I'LL HELP YOU IN A SECOND!

WHA -- THE BATMAN!

ROBIN!

THIS TIME THE JOKE'S ON YOU, JOKER!

MY UMBRELLA'S ALWAYS READY TO MAKE BATMAN UNSTEADY!

OH, NO YOU DON'T, PENGUIN!

THIS SMOKE BOMB SHOULD CLOUD THE ISSUE!

WHERE ARE YOU, BATMAN? I CAN'T SEE A THING

RIGHT OVER HERE -- I'VE GOT ONE OF 'EM BUT I CAN'T SEE WHO IT IS!

AND WHEN THE SMOKE LIFTS...

THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN! THEY'RE GONE!

WE CAUGHT THE SMALL FRY WHILE THE BIG FISH GOT AWAY!

WHA-- NEEDLES-- IT'S YOU!

IN THE MEAN-TIME --

WE DIDN'T GET THE EMERALD, BUT THEY DIDN'T GET US-- HA-HA!

WE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING THE EMERALD IF WE HAD WORKED TOGETHER. AFTER ALL, BATMAN IS OUR REAL ENEMY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! FROM NOW ON, LET BYGONES BE BYGONES! WE'RE PARTNERS!

TOGETHER WE CAN PICK GOTHAM CITY CLEAN! HERE'S TO CRIME--MAY IT PROVIDE US WITH GOLD AND THE BATMAN WITH GLOOM!

SO IS BORN A PERNICIOUS PARTNERSHIP UNITING THE JOCLAR GENIUS OF THE JOKER, WITH THE PREDATORY PROFICIENCY OF THE PENGUIN, AND NOT MANY HOURS PASS BEFORE THIS UNHOLY UNION OF MASTER-MINDS STRIKES WITH SWIFT, EVIL EFFICIENCY!

THE NONE OF BRUCE WAYNE ON THE EVENING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY--

THOSE TWO ARE RUNNING WILD, BRUCE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

TO BEGIN WITH--WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON THIS AFTERNOON! HE NEEDS MORAL SUPPORT -- ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM...

GOING TO THE JOKER AND PENGUIN'S STEAL PARTNER IN GOTHAM CITY'S CRIME PROCESS!

GOING TO THE JOKER AND PENGUIN'S STEAL PARTNER IN GOTHAM CITY'S CRIME PROCESS!

SOME TIME LATER, AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE ...

-- AND MY MEN ARE ABSOLUTELY STYNNED IN SPITE OF DOUBLE PATROLS EVERYWHERE.

THEY'RE TOO WISE TO FALL FOR ANOTHER TRAP. WE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND HUNT FOR THEM!

MEANWHILE, JUST ACROSS THE STREET, A VAGUELY FAMILIAR FIGURE HAWKS BALLOONS. WHY-- IT'S THE PENGUIN HIMSELF!

TOY BALLOONS! ONLY TEN CENTS!

AN-- HERE THEY COME!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THIS AROUND THE CORNER... I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY NEED AN EXTRA GUARD.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS-- A \$50,000 PAY-ROLL--

A BUDEN SNATCH -- AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARDS CAN TURN, THE WISE PENGUIN UNHOOKS HIS BALLOONS--

THANK YOU KIND SIR-- AND FAREWELL!

THE JOKER HAD THIS ALL FIGURED OUT TO A T-- I MUST ADMIT-- BUT IT TOOK ME TO CARRY IT THROUGH!

WHA--!

AS THE BALLOONS STREAK SKYWARD THE WIND CARRIES THE PENGUIN PAST COMMISSIONER GORDON'S WINDOW--

WHA-- BATMAN--
LOOK!

THE PENGUIN
I'D RECOGNIZE
HIM ANYWHERE!

TWO CAPED FIGURES MAKE A DESPERATE
PLUNGE---

MAYBE OUR
COMBINED WEIGHT'LL
BRING HIM DOWN!

EITHER
THAT--OR WE GO
ALONG FOR THE
RIDE!

UHP!
STONNANNAH!

YOU'VE SLOWED ME UP, BUT
YOU HAVEN'T BROUGHT ME DOWN
AND WHEN WE DO LAND--
THERE'LL BE A NICE SUR-
PRISE FOR YOU-- IF THE
WIND STAYS RIGHT!

I DON'T LIKE
THE WAY HE
SAYS THAT!

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW
WE CAN'T LET GO!

ON A HIGHWAY SEVERAL MILES
AWAY-- THE PENGUIN'S JOCKING
PARTNER--

HERE HE COMES NOW! WHA--
HE HAS BATMAN AND ROBIN
WITH HIM! GET THE NET READY.
BOYS-- AND
PREPARE FOR
ACTION!

WE'RE
ALL
SET!

THE BARK OF A SHOT-GUN FROM
BELOW, AND--

AH-- MY
PARTNERS
ON THE JOB!

WE'RE
FALLING!

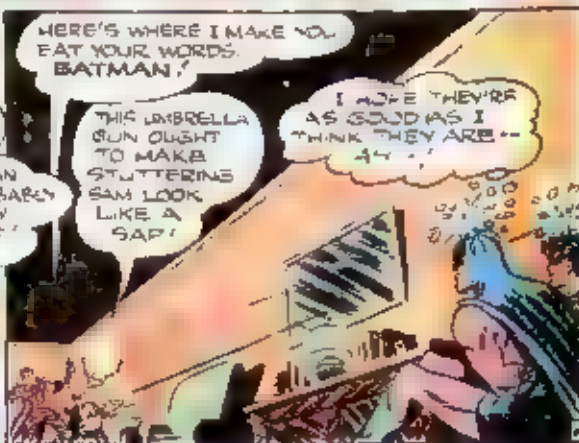
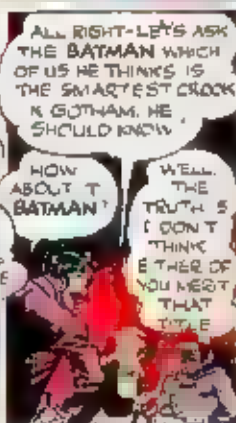
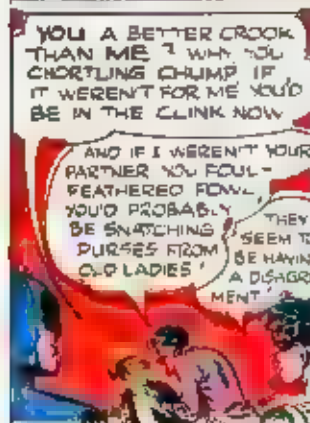
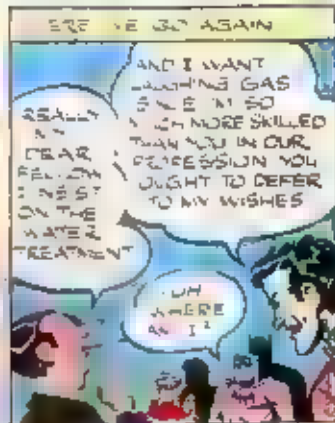
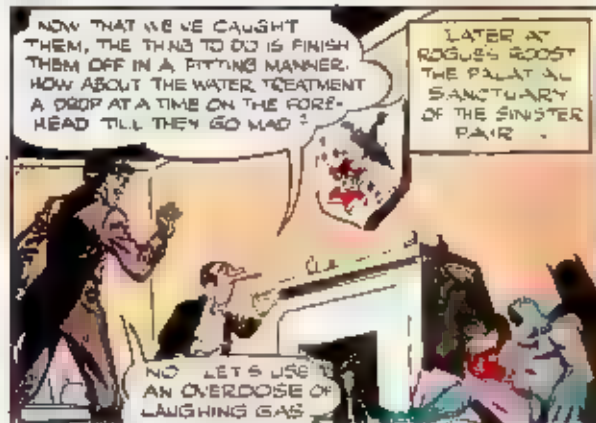
IF THE
PENGUIN
LANDS
SAFELY--
SO WILL
WE!

WHOOHP!
HERE I
COME--
WITH THE
BOOGE
AND THE
BATMAN!

THUMP!

HA-HA--SO THEY TRIED TO
NAB YOU AND WE NABBED
THEM! QUICK--LET'S GET
THEM TO THE HIDEOUT!

THEY REALLY DID
ME A FAVOR! THERE
WAS TOO MUCH GAS IN
THE BALLOONS AND
WITHOUT THEIR HOLD-
ING ON, I'D HAVE
RISEN OUT OF SHOT-
GUN RANGE!



NOW--WHAT ABOUT YOUR STUTTER NG SAM? AM I OR AM I NOT THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOK IN GOTHAM?

I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THE JOKER'S SHOT WAS TRUE, BUT, REMEMBER I SHOT FROM THE HIP--

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU TWO HAD IT IN YOU.

AS THE BOASTING BANDIT SWAGGERED FORWARD THE BATMAN FURTIVELY SANK HIS BONDS WITH A JAGGED SPLINTER OF THE SHATTERED VASE!



AND ROBIN IS NOT FAR BEHIND!

WELL--IN MY OPINION, THE PENGUIN HAS IT ALL OVER THE JOKER!

WRONG, ROBIN--I'D SAY THE JOKER WAS FAR SUPERIOR!

OF COURSE I KNOW YOU'LL SAY ROBIN'S ONLY A KID, BUT--

HE'S NO ORDINARY KID REMEMBER THAT! HE'S AS GOOD AS BATMAN ANY TIME!

LISTEN--WE'LL BE ARGUING ALL DAY! I'M IN FAVOR OF A COMPROMISE, NO LAUGHING GAS--NO WATER TREATMENT! LET'S FINISH THEM OFF RIGHT AWAY!

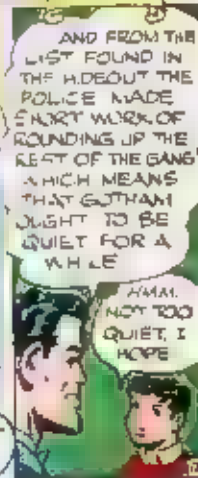
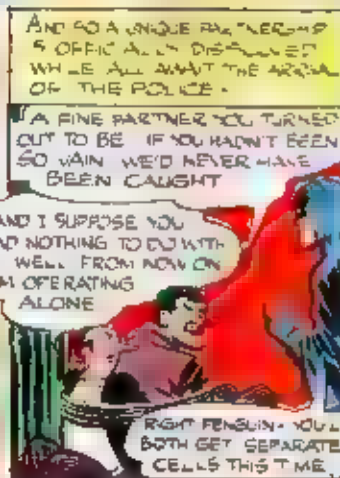
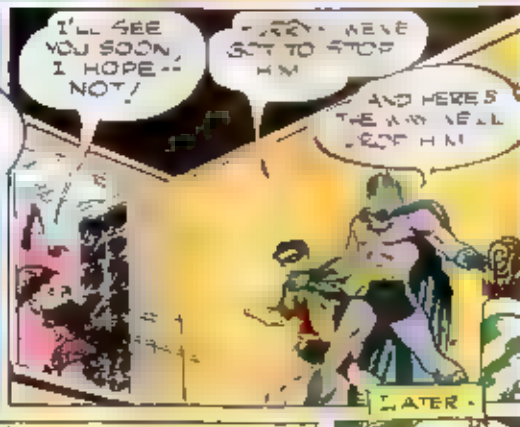
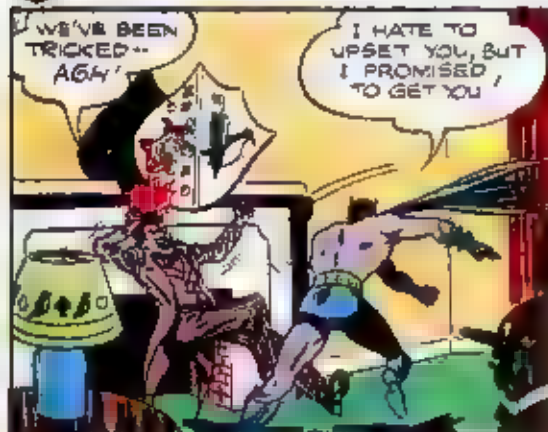
WELL IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY--ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET RID OF THEM NOW! WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT THINGS TO STEAL!

ANYWAY I THINK BATMAN TRIED TO PROLONG THE ARGUMENT TO GAIN TIME BUT NOW HE'S TIME S UP!

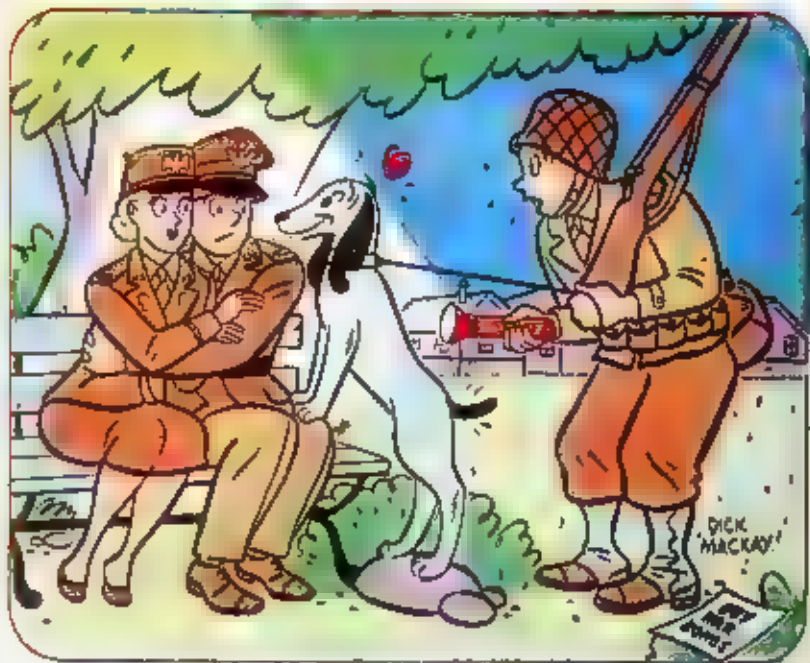
A SPLIT SECOND REMAINS AS HAMMERS CLICK BACK FOR THE SHOTS THAT WILL SEND BATMAN AND ROBIN CRASHING INTO OBLIVION--AND THEN--

I'M FREE! BUT YOU WON'T BE!

MY BONDS ARE LOOSE HERE'S WHERE I COOK YOUR BOOSE!



LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



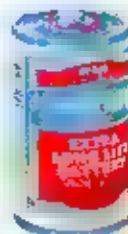
"I'm sorry, Sir!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Does the slugging job of winning the war man to man against the enemy

WE KNOW it's mighty disappointing to hear your dealer keep saying - "No Eveready" flashlight has come yet. But our Armed Forces and all war time steps are using the dependable batteries as the reliable, long-lasting power source.

• The Eveready logo is the mark of quality and dependability.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST
LONGER Look for
the date line →



EVEREADY

1935-1940



BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -



WHATEVER HAS BEEN WRIT IN THE
ETERNAL SANDS OF THE DESERT SHALL BE BLOWN
AWAY EVEN AS CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND BUT AMONG THE
SONS OF THE PROMISE THIS TALE SHALL BE ALWAYS REMEMBERED
OF NOW THERE WENT FORTH TO THE WEST ONE OF BLACK HEART AND EVIL MIND
TO DESTROY HIM ORDAINED TO BE A LEADER AMONG HIS PEOPLE AND HOW A
MAN AND A BOY KNOWN UNTO ALL AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN DID
RISE AND SMITE THE UNJUST ONE RESTORING UNTO THE PEOPLE OF
THE DESERT THEIR JUST AND RIGHTFUL RULER
"THE SHEIK OF GOTHAM CITY!"

SET YOURSELF ON
THE MAGIC CARPET
FOR WE ARE GOING
ON A FAR JOURNEY
TO A FABULOUS
LAND HIGH OVER
THE GLITTERING
SEA WE SAIL AND
SOON WE ARE
PASSING THE GLEAN-
ING SPIRES OF ANCIENT
BAGDAD AT LAST WE
HOVER OVER A TINY
OASIS IN THE ARABIAN
DESERT DOWN FLUTTERS
THE MAGIC CARPET WE
ARE BEFORE THE TENT
OF THE WISE MAN
ALI KA-BADA

IT'S THE HOUR
OF NOON O WISE
MAN AND YOU
PROMISED TO
TELL US A
STORY

MY WORD SHALL BE
EVEN AS THE WORD
OF THE PROPHET BE
SEATED AND ATTEND
ME WELL



THIS IS NOT AS HAS BEEN MY CUSTOM,
A TALE OF LONG AGO, BUT ONE OF
ONLY YESTERDAY. IT CONCERNS IT-
SELF WITH SIDI BEN HASSEN THE
SHEIK OF OUR TRIBE, AND HOW HE
CAME UNTO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE



OFTEN DID
I HEAR MY
FATHER SPEAK
OF SUCH A TALE
BUT NEVER
DID I LEARN
IT

IT TAKES US ACROSS
THE GREAT SEA TO A VAST
CITY WHERE THE SYMBOL OF
THE FLYING BAT, THE EYES
OF THE NIGHT, KEEPS CONSTANT
VIGIL AGAINST THE DEPRE-
CATIONS OF EVIL...



NOT MANY MOONS AGO, A TRIBESMAN RETURNING
FROM THE DISTANT SEA-COAST, SPURRED HIS CAMEL
ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT TOWARD OUR OASIS
AND BURST INTO THE TENT OF THE FORMER SHEIK
JNAK EL KOBRA, HE OF THE EVIL NAME



BY THE BEARD OF
THE PROPHET WHAT
MEANS THIS UN-
SEEMLY WASTE?

I BRING
NEWS
TERRIBLE
NEWS

WHILE PURCHASING SUPPLIES I CAME
UPON THIS AMERICAN NEWSPAPER
IN THE TOWN. I OBTAINED IT FROM
A FOREIGN SOLDIER. 'T WAS FORTUN-
ATE THAT I KNOW ENGLISH READ

WELL THE ITEM I
HAVE MARKED
IN PENCIL





EVENING NEWS

PUBLIC NOTICES
Twenty notices were
issued to the Gotham
City Bureau of Legation
yesterday to the following
Baron Von Krumpholtz
James Butler
And Leo Arnold

SIDI BEN HASSEN! BUT- IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! IT CANNOT BE THE
SAME! YET- IT MIGHT BE THAT
SIDI BEN HASSEN STILL LIVES

TEN YEARS PAST WE LEFT THE
CHILD SIDI IN THE DESERT TO
DIE SO THAT NIGHT ASSUME
THE SHEIKDOM TO WHICH
HE WAS HEIR

A CHANCE TRAV-
ELER UNDOUBT-
LY FOUND HIM AND
TOOK HIM TO
AMERICA.

"WHERE HE MUST NOW BE
BIDDING HIS RETURN TO THE VLLAGE
TO ASSUME HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE
SO LONG AS HE LIVES I CANNOT
SLEEP SOUND WE MUST BE RID OF
HIM EVEN IF T MEANS A VOYAGE
TO AMERICA

AMERICA!
'TIS A
FAZ
JOURNEY'

"AND SO WITH
THE NEW MOON
OUR TALE LEADS
TO DISTANT
GOTHAM WHOSE
TOPLESS TOWERS
BRUSH THE SKIES
AND WHOSE DWEL-
LERS ARE NUM-
BERED EVEN AS
THE DESERT
SANDS HERE
IN EX WE
LIVED THE TRUE
SHEIK, SIDI
BEN HASSEN."

"ONE DAY AS SIDI BEN HASSEN WAS
DRIVING HIS CAB IN SEARCH OF A
FARE

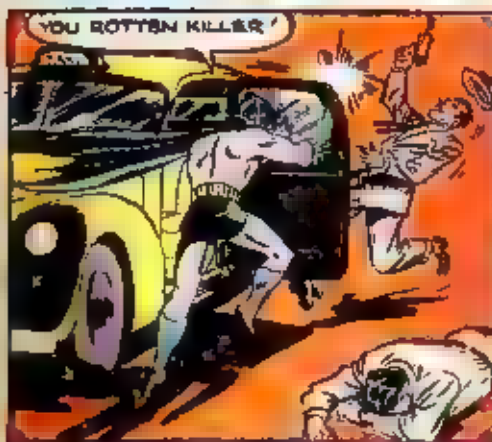
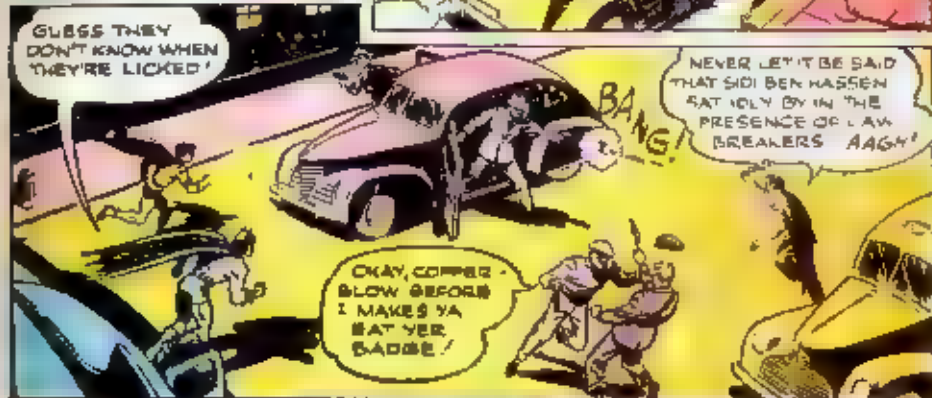
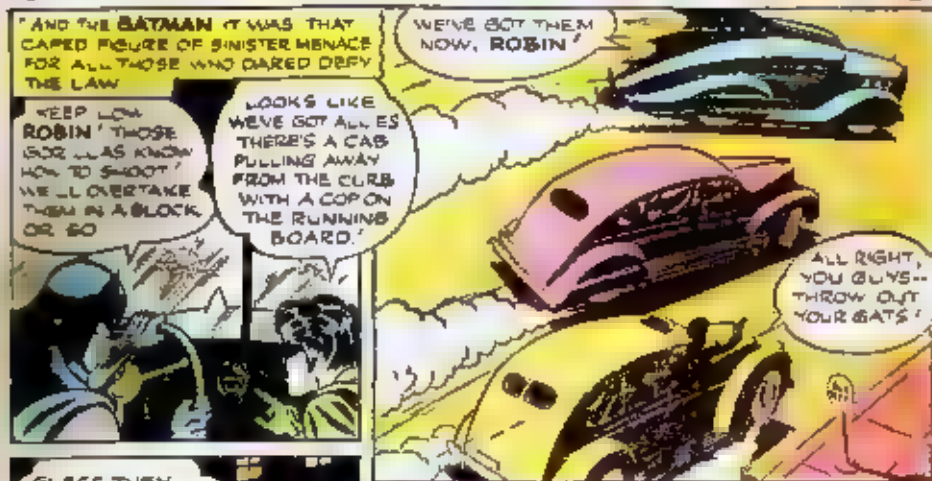
TEN YEARS AGO
BUT NEXT MONTH MY
COURSES IN GYMNAS-
TICS WILL BE COMPLET-
ED AND MY PEOPLE CAN
BENEFIT BY MY KNOWLEDGE
WHEN I RETURN TO OUST
THE USURPER

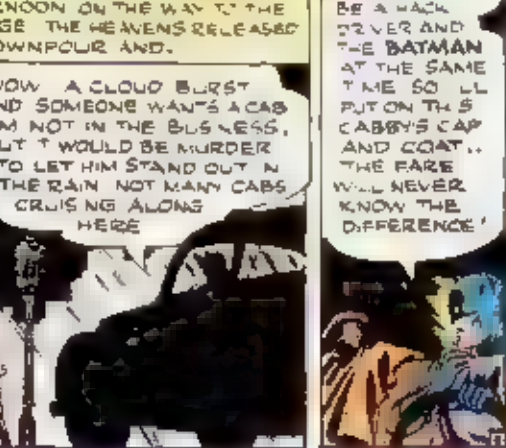
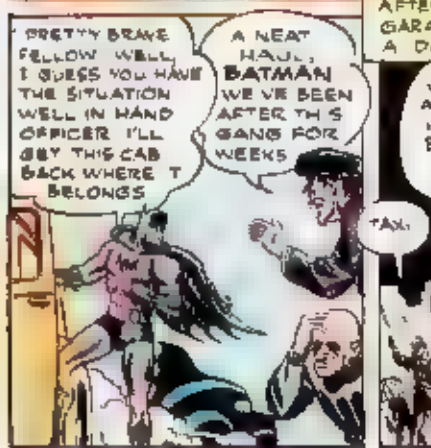
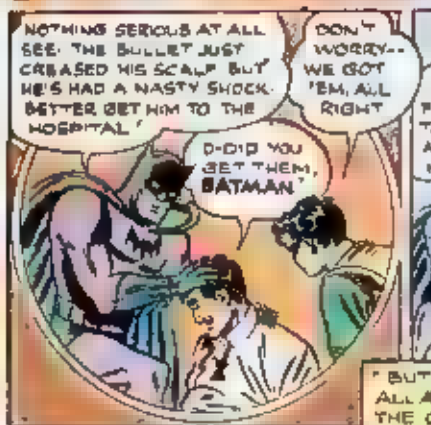
HONK
HONK

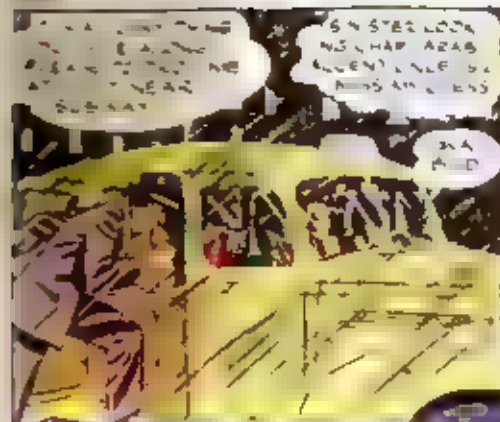
"HEY, CABBIE -
QUICK! FOLLOW
THAT CAR! THE
BATMAN MAY
NEED HELP!"

BY ALLAH--
THAT WAS CLOSE!
WHY THERE'S THE
BATMOBILE! BAT-
MAN AND ROBIN
PURSUING A GANG
OF CROOKS! THIS
IS SOMETHING
TO SEE!

TAXI 20



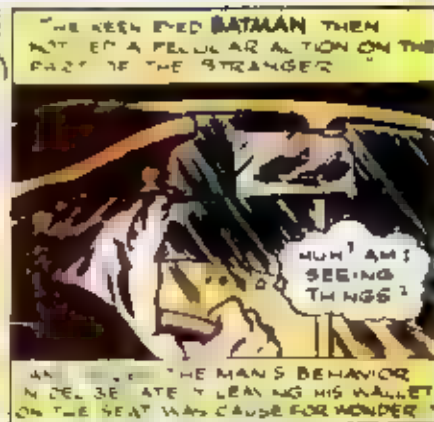




"I'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR AND I'VE NOT SEEN HIM."

"SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND HIM."

"NO."



"WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR AND I'VE NOT SEEN HIM."

"HUM? AM I SEEING THINGS?"

"THE MAN'S BEHAVIOR IN THE CAR WAS CAUSE FOR WONDER."

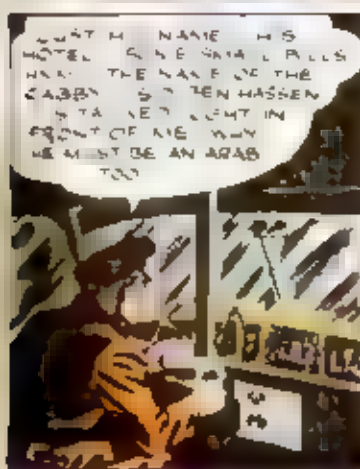


"HERE YOU ARE, SIR."

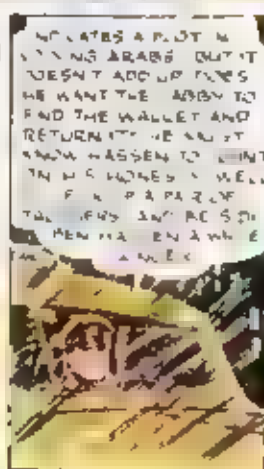
"HE'S LEAVING. I'LL GO WITH HIM TO FIND THE WALLET."



"HE'S GONE BUT OBVIOUSLY HE WANTED ME TO FIND THIS. WHY? I'LL HAVE A LOOK, ANYWAY."



"I'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR AND I'VE NOT SEEN HIM."



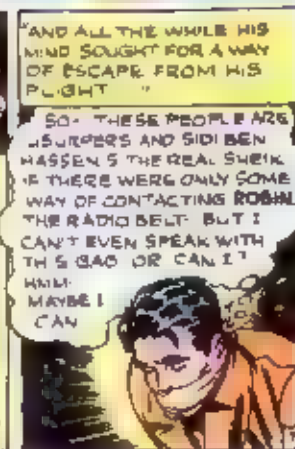
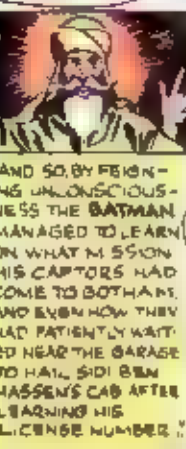
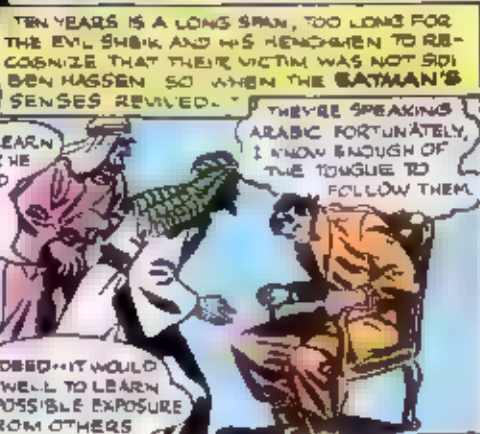
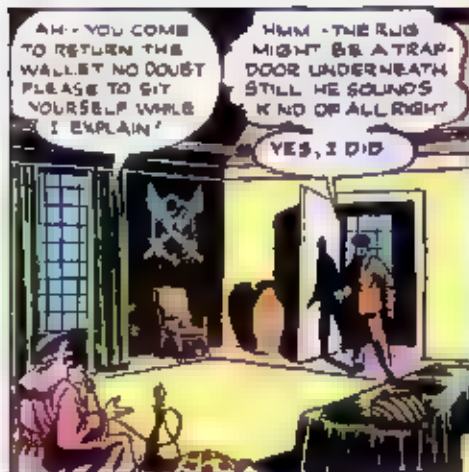
"I'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR AND I'VE NOT SEEN HIM."

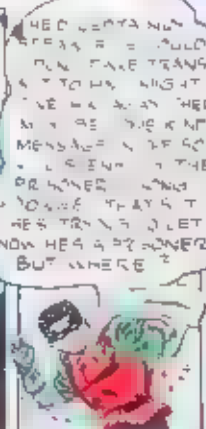
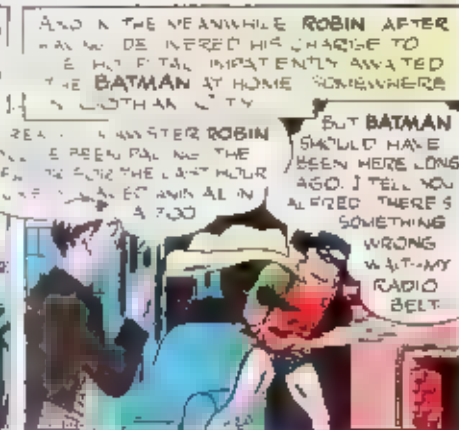


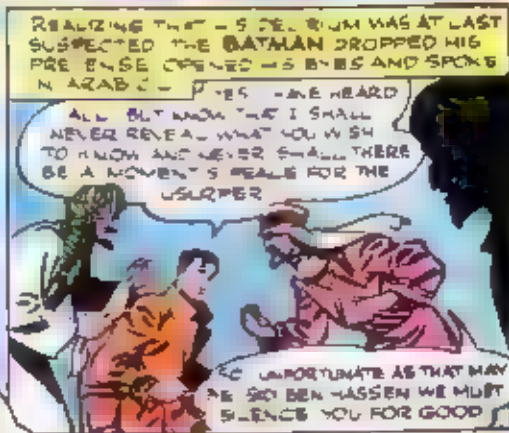
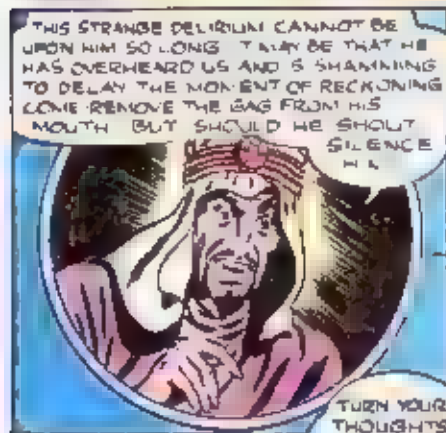
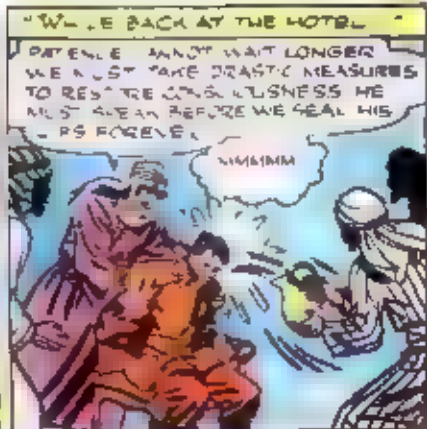
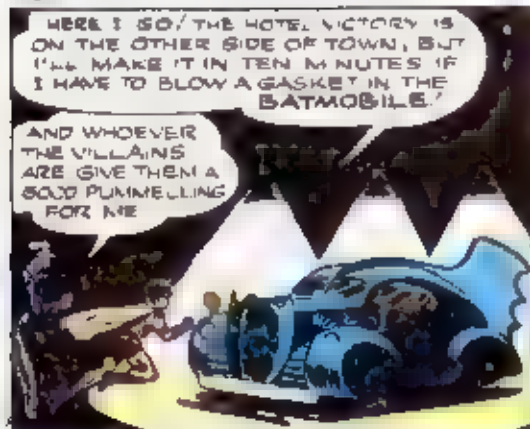
"WHERE'S THE HOTEL ROOM SWANNY? THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOT A GOOD LOOK AT ME IN THE PARK LANE BUT IF HE KNOWS HASSSEN I'LL FIND HIM AWAY FROM THE CAR."

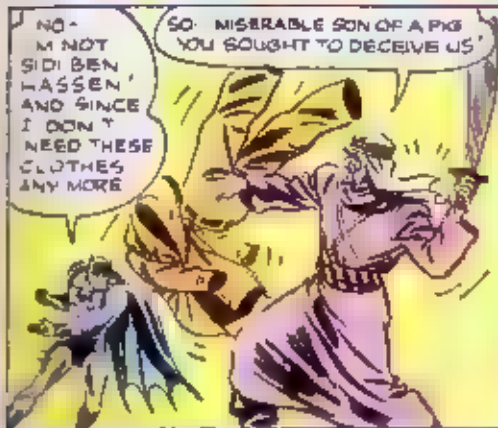
"COME IN."

"INDEED, HERE WAS MYSTERY RACING THE BATMAN."









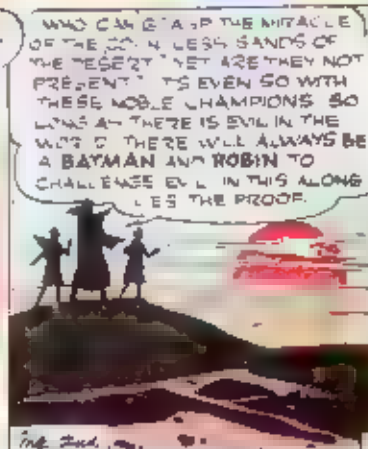


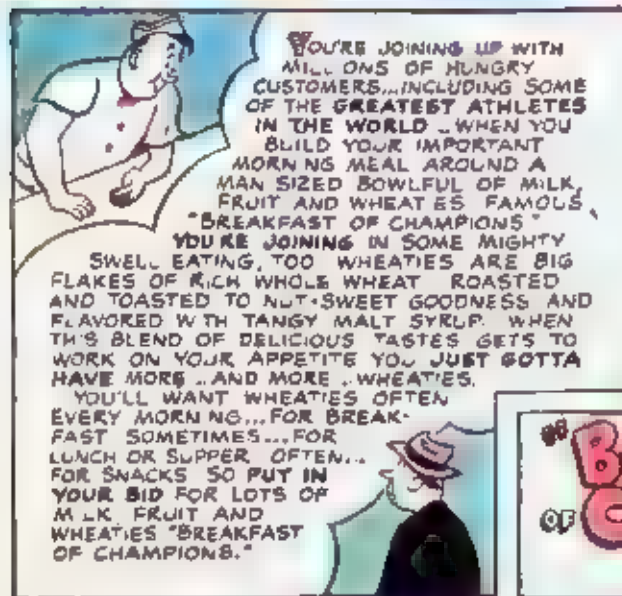
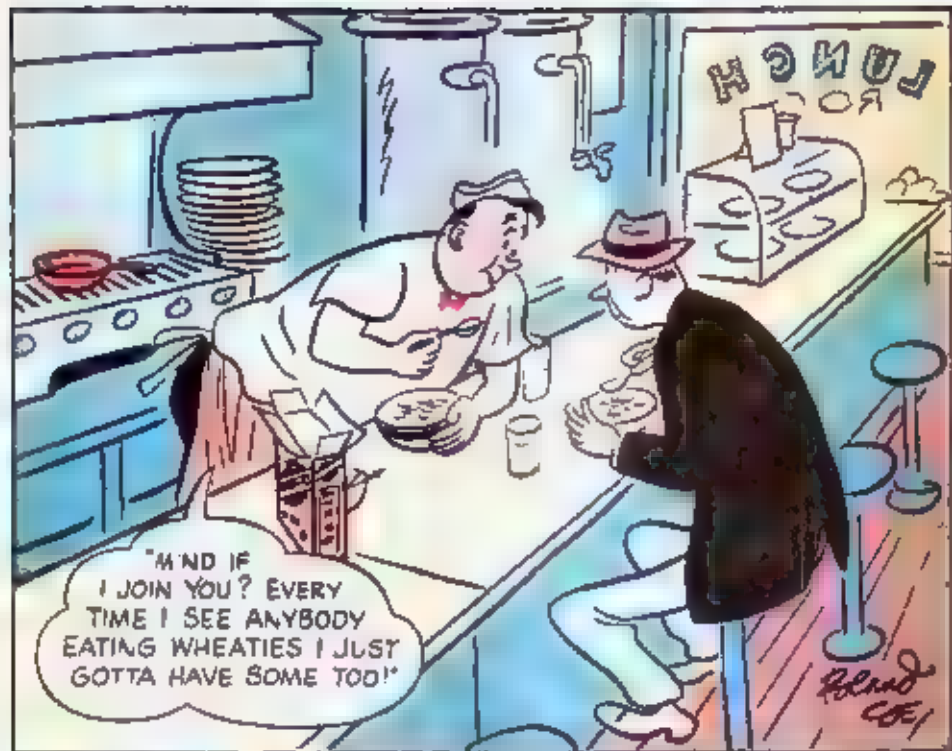
"AND WITH THE CRUSHING OF THE EVIL USURPER, THE CRUSADING CHAMPIONS MADE HASTE TO CONVEY THE NEWS TO SIDI BEN HASSEN AS HE LAY IN HIS HOSPITAL BED."

"ALAS, HOW CAN MEERB WORDS OFFER THANKS FOR THE GREAT SERVICE YOU HAVE RENDERED MY NAME AND MY PEOPLE?"



AND SO IT WAS THAT BEN HASSEN, THE WISE MAN SIDI BEN HASSEN, WHO EVERELBY A TALE WAS RESTORED, AND HE ENTERED TO HIS PLACE FOR OUR ENTERTAINMENT. BUT IN TRUTH, THERE ARE





FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO ORDER AND HANDLE MILK-
WHEEL CONTACT YOUR LOCAL AGENT OR AGENT OR SEND A
CAR TO WAR WAMP INDUSTRIES INC MILK WHEEL FLOSS DIVISION,
PETOSKEY MICH CO TOMY TEL 616 326 5554, 326 5554

A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

by Stan Carter

MYNHEER VAN DER CAMP wiped his perspiring face and stood before the Japanese Colonel. Outside, Van Dercamp was conscious of the hostile eyes of his own Dutch countrymen as they worked on the new aircraft landing fields the Japs had ordered built. He could almost hear them saying:

"The traitor! The fat traitor! We knew he would work with them."

Oh yes, it was no secret to Van Dercamp what they were saying about him. "Well, let them say it," he muttered. "They'll find out."

Colonel Isato squinted through his thick-lensed glasses at the perspiring figure before him. The narrowed eyes took in every detail of the fat man's body and clothing. What clothing it was, too—hanging limply from the ponderous hulk of the Mayor. Isato thought no fat man should be permitted to live in a country as hot as the Dutch East Indies. Take himself now, short and squat—yes, but muscular, and strong as a bull.

Isato stifled the expression of distaste that came across his face. This man was to be protected, at least for a while. Tokio had said so. But if he, Isato had his way, this fat Van Dercamp would join a work party or be killed.

Isato said: "Mayor, we are pleased with the work you have done. You have made it possible for us to take this town and its oil wells without loss of our glorious lives. Or destruction of what is rightfully our property."

Van Dercamp wiped his face again. "I am pleased, Honorable Colonel, to hear such words from so great a conqueror. In my humble way, I have only tried to be helpful." He watched Isato's face narrowly, and was rewarded with a flicker of pleas-

ure.

Colonel Isato toyed with the revolver on his desk.

"I understand," he said, without raising his head, that your people consider you a traitor."

Van Dercamp winced. It's only that they . . . he explained lamely.

do not understand," Isato added. "But we do. It is not often we run across a white man wise enough to know our great strength. You were wise in ordering your police to quell the rebellion that must surely have started."

A smile creased the folds in Van Dercamp's face. "What could they do, Honorable Colonel," he said, "being that my police rounded up every privately owned weapon in town?" He smiled again. "And they knew better than to argue with my machine guns." He indicated the window. "At least they are alive. And working for greater glory."

"Good," Isato's face expressed his satisfaction. "I am sure I need not remind you that had the scorched earth policy been applied by your people, and our valuable oil wells destroyed, we would have killed everyone in town."

"No, Honorable Colonel," Van Dercamp said, shuddering perceptibly. "You need not remind me." His face betrayed his eagerness. "If there is anything I can do further . . ."

"There is nothing, you may go."

The huge man shuffled across the floor and pushed himself out of the room. Colonel Isato watched his slow progress, then returned to his reflections. This hulk of a beast would be useful. Very useful. Then, when the airport was completed and the promised fighter planes and bombers arrived, well—there

could be an accidental death. "In fact," Colonel Isato mused, "There might be a lot of them." He was thinking of Van Dercamp's police, who alone remained loyal to the Mayor. There were twelve of them. And in Isato's desk were their names. They.

"Well, what's the matter?" White-faced and trembling, Van Dercamp stood in the doorway. His huge body shook, as though he had been taken down with the ague. In his hand was a knife. And his hat. There was a huge slit in the hat, where the knife had entered.

"Someone threw it," he gasped. "One of my own countrymen tried to kill me. I . . . I . . ."

Rage clouded Isato's face. Who was it?" he roared.

"I—I don't know. There are so many of them out there. I was walking by when this knife whistled through the air. I . . . I . . . stepped away just in time." Van Dercamp's eyes rolled in terror. "I must have protection," he babbled. "Your agents promised me protection if I would help. I have done my part."

Silence! Isato banged his fist on the desk. If only this work weren't so important. Not a man, woman or child could be spared from their tasks. It would serve these beasts right to be lined up before a firing squad. But that airport must be completed by the civilians. There was still much fighting to be done, and his men needed rest and relaxation.

"I could only sleep here," Van Dercamp pleaded. "Otherwise they'll kill me in my sleep. I know they will."

"You fool," Isato fumed. "Shut up." He stopped. Perhaps that was not a bad idea. Let the fat beast have the room in the kitchen at night. There he would be safe. And until

the orders came through to liquidate him—or that accident happened—what harm could come of it? After all, this pig did know the strange ways of these Dutch. And he was the law.

"Very well," he said. "You may sleep here at night. But stay out of my way in the day time, one of my own police shall guard you. And I'll issue an order saying that one more attack on your person will result in the death of many. That will stop them." He pushed his revolver toward Van Dercamp. "Here, take this."

Van Dercamp held back. "I—I—beg your pardon, Honorable Colonel. But I am afraid of firearms."

Isato's eyes glinted. So the fool was a bigger coward than he had at first thought. "Take it," he said. "I order it."

Gingerly, Van Dercamp picked up the weapon and put it in his pocket. The next moment, a Japanese secret policeman entered.

"Nomi will watch you," Isato said. "And not let you out of his sight during daylight hours. Now get about your business."

Outside, Van Dercamp shambled along the street. Behind him the little man trotted. Hostile eyes looked upon both of them as they went toward the Town Hall, where, for ten years, Van Dercamp had administered the affairs of the town. Not a single person spoke to him, and if he caught the eyes of one of the citizens, those eyes were instantly lowered. Conceit was in all of them.

Safe in his office, Van Dercamp pushed his ponderous frame into a chair. His Chief of Police Rumann was a bitter enemy. Rumann's eyes noted the consternation on Van Dercamp's face, then flicked to the bodyguard.

They both tried to kill Mr. Rumann, Van Dercamp whined. "My own people."

"What? Why the ingrateful?" Rumann cried. "They don't know what you have done for them. Why don't you let me tell them?" His eyes nar-

rowed. "In my own way."

The bodyguard interrupted. "We are able to handle any situation," he said. "The Mayor is quite safe. He dropped on a chair and lit a cigarette. Tonight the warship will be finished. And when our planes arrive in the morning we will take appropriate action." A cruel smile hovered over his lips. "Very appropriate."

Van Dercamp's eyes met Rumann's, then dropped. "You will not let them hurt me?" he pleaded. "Promise."

The bodyguard looked at Van Dercamp disdainfully and turned his head. He wouldn't even bother replying to a coward.

And such a coward Van Dercamp decided, as the day finally ended, and, with nightfall, his vigilance. Nevertheless, he hung around until Van Dercamp was safely stowed away in the small room behind the kitchen. "He was still shaking when I left," he reported to Colonel Isato. "Fear alone will let him."

Isato laughed. "Perhaps we will help things along tomorrow," he said. "Here is the order to execute all males in town after our planes arrive." He shrugged. "It will be a good jest on the traitorous Mayor to be killed in the lowest room of his fine house." He laughed again. "He is probably sleeping now—the swine!"

In that, Colonel Isato was wrong. Van Dercamp was not sleeping. Nor was he trembling now as, safe in the small room, he replaced the earphones he had hidden in the wall a few months earlier. All through the house were dictaphones that he and his men had planted. He smiled. "So they are going to kill me tomorrow," he mused.

A contented smile played over his face. Well, so far his judgement hadn't been wrong. Everything had played into his hands. He had foreseen that the invader would use his house as headquarters. It was a big, fine house, and well stocked with food and drink. It had remained only to convince Isato of his cowardliness. For an instant, a shadow clouded Van Dercamp's

face. His people who had loved and believed in him these many years, thought him a traitor. But Rumann would fix all that, he'd tell them. Sighing, Van Dercamp settled himself in his chair to await the dawn and the planes. He dozed off.

The driver of the planes' engine started. He went to the window, watched as the planes landed in their new nest. Then he heard the footfall of the plane's passage. He looked as if he were a Colonel. Van Dercamp's eyes did not fail to note that the Colonel's hostler was unbuttoned, and that another revolver was in it. "So this is it," he murmured to himself.

"Thank Heaven, Isato decided to do the job himself." His voice quavered as he spoke aloud. "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing, I am surprised to see you up so soon." Isato's voice was dry. "You saw our planes arrive." Triumphantly he said. "With your aid, we shall soon conquer many cities. None can stop us now."

"I can," Van Dercamp said. His voice was firm, vibrant. Isato's eyes clouded with suspicion. His hand went to the holster.

Van Dercamp's gun spoke and Isato toppled to the floor. Outside, running footsteps sounded along the passageway. Van Dercamp moved swiftly to the wall panel, opened it, and pressed a button.

"For freedom," he whispered. "For freedom."

A terrific explosion shook the air as house and airstrip shattered. Van Dercamp did not hear it, for he was dead. But he knew, just before he died, that Rumann too was carrying out his end of the secret plan they had made months ago when they mined the wells and the house. All were destroyed, according to plan.

"He died," Rumann exclaimed later to "the astounded Dutch, "that freedom might live."

The Adventures of ALFRED

HALF BUTLER, HALF BLOODHOUND—THAT'S ALFRED, MAJORDOMO TO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON! AND JUST TO PROVE NOW DEEPLY HIS SLEUTHING INSTINCTS ARE ROOTED IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WE GIVE YOU THIS THE L.L.L. STORY OF...

"THE MESMERIZED MANHUNTER!"



HAVING SOUGHT VAINLY FOR A CRIME TO SOLVE, ALFRED DECIDES TO END HIS DAY OFF AT A THEATER...

AN WELL—MIGHT AS WELL PRACTICE DETECTING THE TRICKS OF THIS CHARLATAN, MAZZO! I'LL EXERCISE MY BRAIN AND REST MY FEET.

HOW MANY?



AUTOMATICALLY, THE CASHIER OPENS THE MONEY-DRAWER...

ONE OUT OF—OH, I FORGOT! CAN'T CHANGE THIS TEN, MISTER!

BUT, EH! WELL, I THINK I HAVE THE CORRECT CHANGE...

BUY WAR BONDS



SO THE PERFORMANCE HAS ALREADY BEGUN.

BEG PARDON MADAME

OUCH! MY CORN!



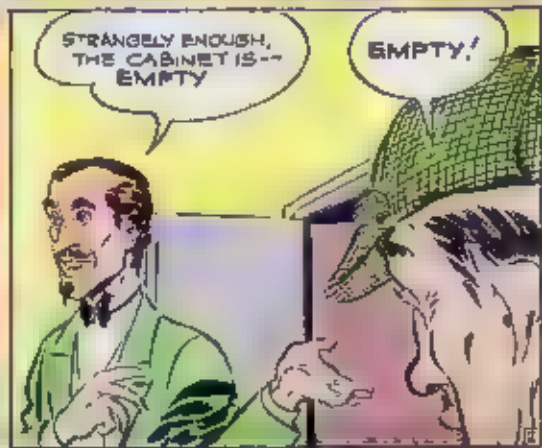
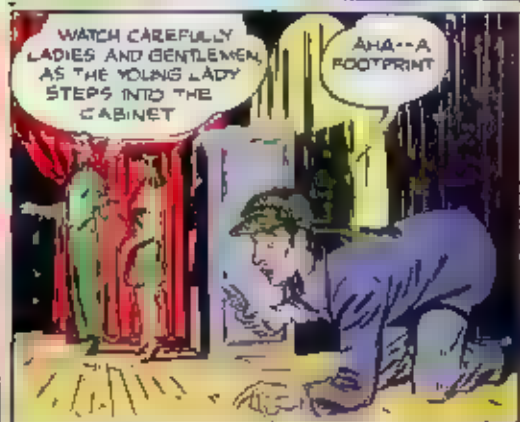
NEVER ONE TO SHIRK RESPONSIBILITY OUR HERO RESPONDS TO AN URGENT APPEAL.

WELL SOME INTELLIGENT, WIDE-AWAKE GENTLEMAN KINDLY STEP TO THE STAGE TO ASSIST ME!

I'M YOUR MAN, SIR!

WHAT? AGAIN?





THE KEY WORD STIRS A RECENT MEMORY IN ALFRED'S SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WHERE THE BLOT HAS ALREADY AWAKENED SLUMBERING SUSPICIONS

EMPTY! BUT WHY? THE SHOW HAD BARELY STARTED...

AND DIDN'T MAZZO HIMSELF SAY THAT THIS AMATEUR BLEUTH WAS CAPABLE OF SOLVING CRIMES FROM THE SLENDEREST CLUES?

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

THINK WE OUGHTA STOP HIM, JOE?

WHAT FOR? I AIN'T NONE OF OUR BUSINESS

MAZZO THE MAGICIAN

NO DOUBT THE MONEY WAS STOLEN A GOOD THING ALFRED, NEMESIS O' CRIMINALS IS PRESENT

A MOMENT LATER

TIME TO GET STARTED--

WHO ARE YOU?

A DETECTIVE HUNTIN' DOWN THE THIEF WHO ROBBED THE CASH DRAWER!

YOU--YOU'RE CRAZY! LEAVE OUTA HERE!

NO USE RESISTIN', MY GOOD-- OOFER!

THE COMOTION BRINGS A POLICEMAN RUSHING TO THE SCENE!

A COP
HELP OFFICER
HE'S TRYIN' TO ROB ME!

HE LOOKS LIKE SLEEPY SLIM, THE HIT-AN-RUN PURSE-SNATCHER!

HE'S GOT ME

AND I'VE GOT HIM!

ALFRED ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!

THE AMAZING MAZZO

MAZZO AND MESMERISM

ALL IN ALL, IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD THING FOR ALFRED THAT THE MANAGER OF THE THEATRE APPEARS AT THIS POINT.

MONEY, MY MONEY! SO THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME LARSON, FOR GIVING YOU A JOB WHEN YOU WERE FASFOLED FROM PRISON!

I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION PLEASE DON'T SEND ME BACK!

WE'LL LOCK ME UP AND THROW THE KEY AWAY!

THIS MAN'S HYPNOTIZED, OFFICER! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO THE STAGE!

DID YE SAY HYPNOTIZED?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN UNDER HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, THINKING HIMSELF A DETECTIVE THIS MAN HAS ACTUALLY CAUGHT A THIEF!

WH- WHERE AM I?

WHEEE! LOORAY!

HOW HUMILIATING! I MUST HAVE MADE A BALLY FOOL OF MYSELF!

WE DOO SN'T REMEMBER A THING!

AT HOME ALFRED MAINTAINS A DISCREET SILENCE UNTIL NEXT MORNING'S PAPER ARRIVES

THE HERO WAS A TALL, THIN, MIDDLE-AGED MAN WHO SPOKE WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT, WORE A--

OH DEAR! I WAS AFRAID O' SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS! MAY I SEE IT, MAWSTER BRUCE?

HMM! SOUNDS LIKE YOU ALFRED!

SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS! NO WONDER THE AUDIENCE WAS CHEERIN' WHEN I AWOKE!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? CATCHING A CROOK WITHOUT EVEN REALIZING IT!

BESSING YOUR PARDON, MAWSTER DICK, THAT MERELY INDICATES THAT WHAT EVER MY MENTAL STATE, I'M A SLEUTH AT HEART AND I GET RESULTS!

HE'S GOT YOU THERE, DICK!

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

OUTSMARTING A SABOTEUR!

IT'S 3 A.M. R.C. AND HIS PAL QUICKIE ARE BOUND FOR THE NATION'S CAPITAL ON THE CRACK SENATORIAL LIMITED.

WAKE UP QUICKIE! THAT GUY'S CARRYING A BAG THAT'S TICKING! 'CHOW!

HOLD IT, WISE GUY, AND GRAB BOY! I'M PLANTING THIS BOMB RIGHT HERE. IN JUST 40 MINUTES THIS TRAIN'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS...AND YOU'RE GOING WITH IT!

DON'T MOVE, "R.C."! WE'VE GOT A GUN!

SEE IN THAT WINEBAROON AND COOL OFF! I'M GONNA JUMP THIS RATTLER AT THE NEXT SLOW CURVE!

I WOULDN'T MIND IF I COULD COOL OFF WITH A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!

THE SABOTEUR DOESN'T NOTICE "R.C." REACHES FOR A MEDICAL TRAIN DIRECTORY IN THE BACK.

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! YOU GRAB THE BAG, QUICKIE, AND TOSS IT OUT THE WINDOW. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS RAT!

WHUEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'M SHAKING LIKE A JEEP!

TAKE IT EASY, QUICKIE—I KNOW WHAT WE NEED

M-M-M! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START!

YOU BOYS DESERVE THE BEST!

WE'VE GOT IT—ROYAL CROWN COLA—THE BEST TASTING COLA OF 'EM ALL!

YOUTHFUL BONITA GRANVILLE SAYS: CHECK! IT GURE TASTES BEST!

Lovely Bonita Granville found her favorite "quench up" when she took the famous cola taste test! After trying leading colas in paper cups, she picked the best tasting one. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try a 2-1/2 glass in each 30 bottle.

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste Test!

Let the 100,000,000 people who enjoy the very finest quality of quality things enjoy it.

© 1934 R.C. Co. All rights reserved.



BATMAN



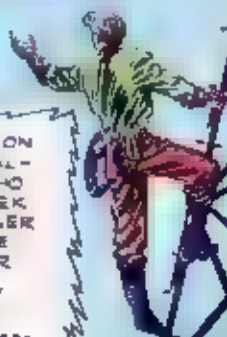
BATMAN

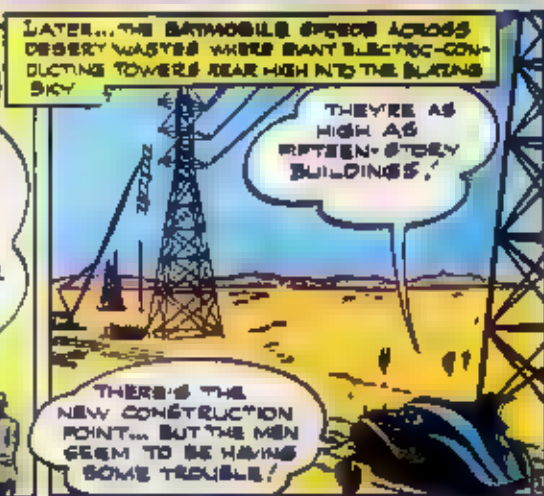
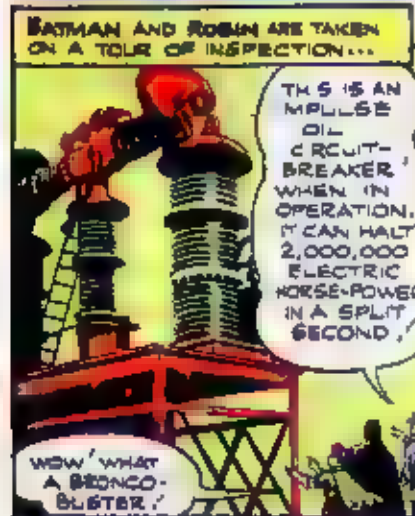
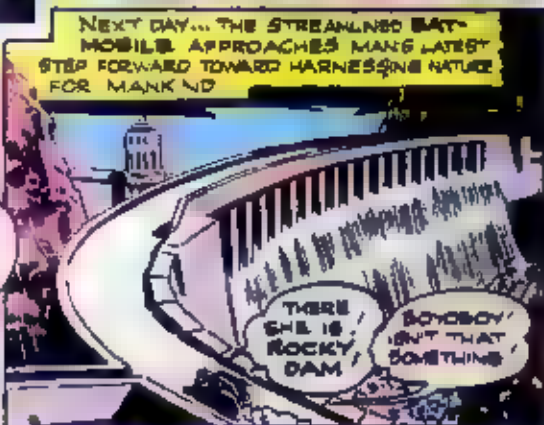
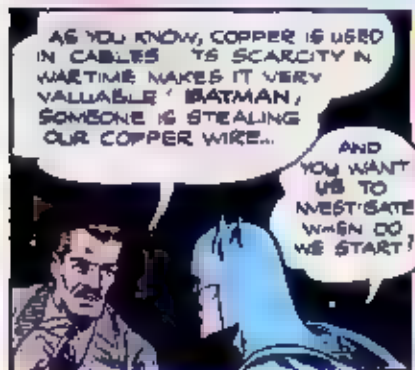
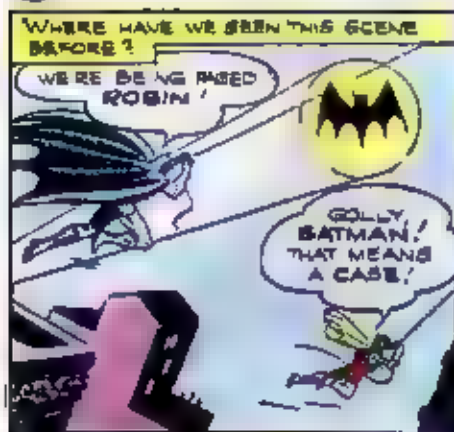
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

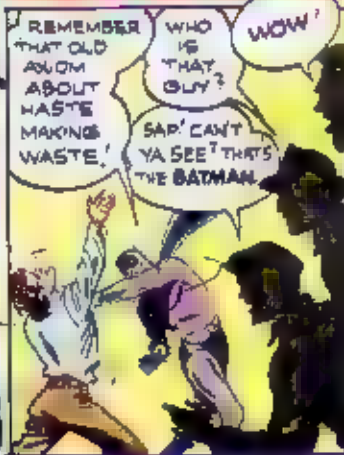
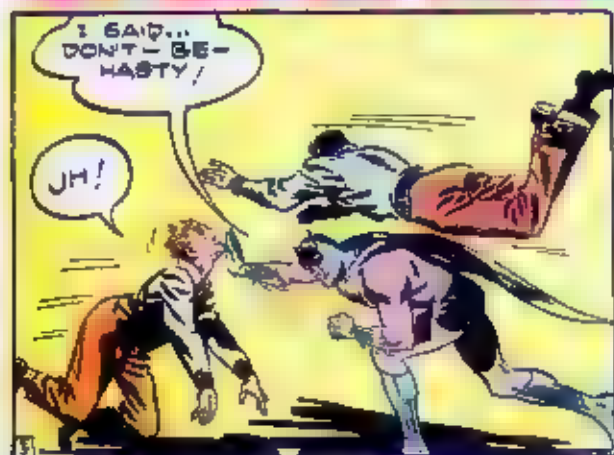


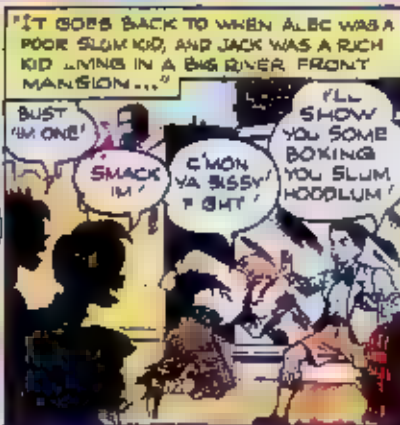
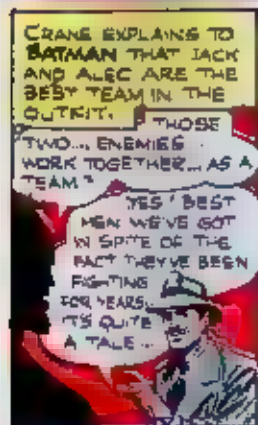
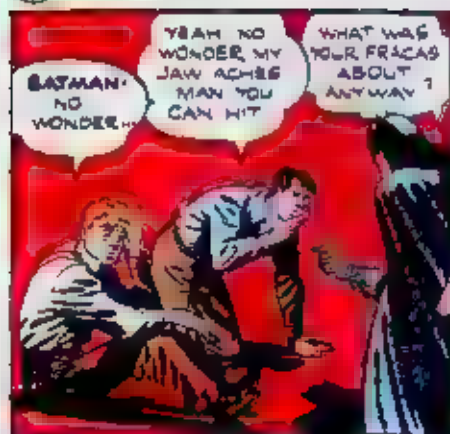
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE HEAD ON TROUBLE AS 2,000,000 HORSES GALLOPED AT YOU? THERE ARE MEN WHO DO JUST THAT EVERY DAY EVERY WEEK. THE HORSES - 2,000,000 HORSE-POWER ELECTRIC CURRENT. THE MEN - THE MAINTENANCE EXPERTS WHO REPAIR THE POWER LINES THAT SUPPLY ELECTRICITY TO THE BIG CITIES. MEN WHO LAUGH AT DANGER AND DEATH - THESE ARE THE MEN BATMAN AND ROBIN MEET...

"THE KILOWATT CONBOYS!"









"JACK CARRIED THE BALL... ALEC CLEARED THE FIELD FOR HIM! BUT JACK, THE STAR QUARTERBACK, BECAME THE CELEBRATED HERO AND ALEC AN UNSUNG ONE! SO THEY FOUGHT OVER THAT!"



CARRYING THE BALL STRAIGHT OVER THE GOAL LINE... UGH!

ALL-AMERICAN QUARTERBACK! WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITH-OUT ME?... OOF!

"THE YEARS PASSED ALEC BECAME A LINE-MAN... AND THEN ONE DAY, JACK BECAME PART OF THE CREW."



YES IT'S ME MY FOLKS LOST ALL THE MONEY, SO NOW I'M WORKING FOR A LIVING DO YOU MIND?

I DON'T MIND SO LONG AS YOU KEEP OUT OF MY WAY... BIG SHOT!

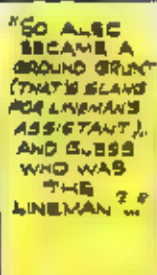
"THEN ONE DAY IT ALEC FELL OFF A TOWER... BROKE SOME RIBS! COULDN'T CLIMB A TOWER AFTER THAT- LOST HIS NERVE ON HEIGHTS!"



HELP! HELP ME! I'M GOING TO FALL

HOLD ON, ALEC! I'M COMING!

"SO ALEC BECAME A GROUND GRUNT (THAT'S SLANG FOR LINEMAN'S ASSISTANT)... AND GUESS WHO WAS THE LINEMAN?"



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE JACK'S ASSISTANT MAN!

AND DO A GOOD JOB!

NEVER MIND ME JUST WATCH OUT YOU DON'T TAKE A TUMBLE



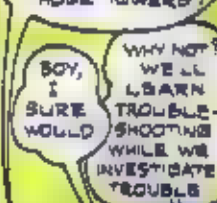
HERE, BUTTER-FINGERS

THANKS.. KNUCKLE-HEAD!



SO THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN... JUST LIKE IN FOOTBALL

SAY YOU TWO ARE ALWAYS READY TO TRY ANYTHING...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK ON ONE OF THOSE TOWERS?



BOY, I SURE WOULD

WHY NOT? WE'LL LEARN LOTS OF TROUBLE-SHOOTING WHILE WE INVESTIGATE TROUBLE

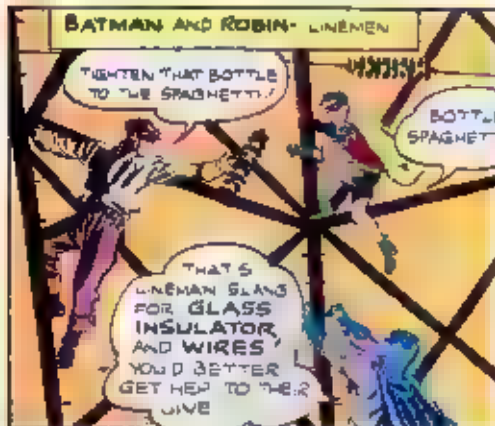


AND STILL ARGUING!





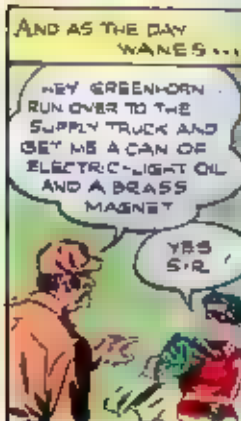
BATMAN AND ROBIN- LINEMEN



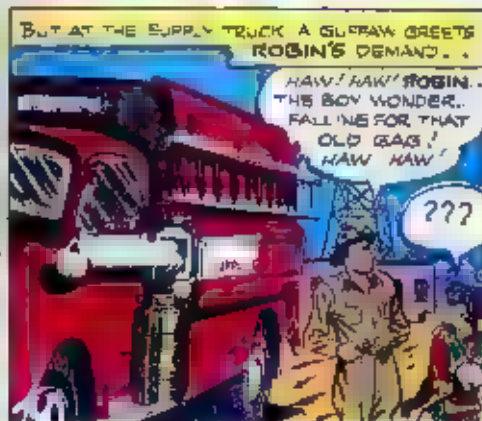
THEY ALSO BECOME GROUNDERS



AND AS THE DAY WANES...



BUT AT THE SUPPLY TRUCK A GUYFAN GREETS ROBIN'S DEMAND...



THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS ELECTRIC LIGHT OIL... OR A BRASS MAGNET! THEY WAS JUST RIBBING YOU THEY DO THAT TO ANY GREEN HAND IN THE POWER GAME

OH GOLLY... BETTER NOT TELL BATMAN ABOUT THIS 'O NEVER LIVE IT DOWN BRASS MAGNET. ACHRA!

FORGET THE BATMAN, I GOT THE BOYS ALL SET! WE'LL MIJACK THAT COPPER TONIGHT! OKAY, ALEC?

ALEC.. COPPER.. MIJACK!!! WOW! I BETTER TELL BATMAN SO PRONTO

AS ROBIN RUEFULLY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE CONSTRUCTION JOB, HE PASSES THE SUPPLY TRUCK



ALEC.. A CROOK AND I THOUGHT HE WAS A NICE LAD TONIGHT, EH? KEEP MUM ABOUT THIS, ROBIN! WE'RE GOING TO SURPRISE ALEC AND HIS MIJACKING PALS!



EYES IN THE NIGHT WATCH ALEC...

AND WITH ROBIN KEEPING TABS ON THE COPPER WATCHMAN, THOSE HIJACKERS WILL BE STOPPED COLD!



SUDDENLY...
A TREMENDOUS
CRASH!

THE
NEW TOWER
JUST
FELL!

CRASH!



THAT THING
STOOD SOLID BEFORE

AND WHILE THE WHOLE CAMP RUSHES TO INVESTIGATE — AT THE COPPER STACK...

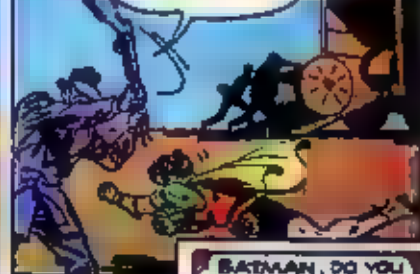
THE ACID THAT ALEC SLAPPED ON THE TOWER GIRDERS SURE SENT IT TUMBLIN'! NOW WE GOT A CLEAR FIELD!

LIGHT!



PLUCKY ROBIN LEAPS FORWARD, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH!

TAKE THIS SQUIRT ALONG!
IN CASE THE BATMAN SHOWS
HIS FACE, WE'LL HAVE
A HOSTAGE!



LATER, TOO LATE, BATMAN REALIZES THE CLEVER RUSE AND POUNCES ON ALEC...

C'MON...TALK!
WHERE DID YOUR
HIJACKING PALS
GO? IF THEY'VE
HURRY ROBIN,
HURRY...

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT!



HEY
WHAT
GOES
ON?

GRIMLY, BATMAN TELLS JACK WHAT ROBIN OVERHEARD...

B-BUT
I'M
NO
HIJACKER!

BATMAN, I DON'T
LIKE ALEC, BUT I KNOW
HE'S NO CROOK—THE
GRUNK! SAY...
BATMAN, DID
ROBIN HEAR ALEC
ANSWERING
THE HIJACKER?



NO-O-O-O.
HE JUST
HEARD THE
HIJACKER
CALL ME
ALEC!

BATMAN, DO YOU
KNOW THE SLANG
NAME WE POWER
MEN CALL UNMEN?
IT'S ALEC! ALL
UNMEN ARE
CALLED ALEC!
IT'S JUST A CO-
INCIDENCE THAT
ALEC'S FIRST NAME
SHOULD BE SIMILAR!

THEN...THAT
HIJACKER COULD
HAVE BEEN TALKING
TO ANY UN-
MAN IN THE
CAMP!



WILL YOU TWO SCRAPPERS FORGET YOUR OWN PERSONAL WAR FOR A WHILE AND HELP ME MAKE WAR ON THOSE NUTCRACKERS?

OKEY, UM, THANKS FOR THE HELP, JACK!

I'D DO IT FOR ANYBODY, SO DON'T START GETTING SENTIMENTAL.

JACK ALE, SEE ANYTHNG YET?

NOPE! AND I CAN'T MAKE OUT HOW A BIG TRUCK CAN DISAPPEAR IN THIS DESERT!

YEAH... WE COULD SPOT ANY MOVING OBJECT ON THIS FLATLAND FOR MILES AROUND!

YES, IT'S PUZZLING BUT NOT TOO PUZZLING, IF ONE KNOWS THE ANSWER! FOR, ONE HOUR BEFORE...

DAWN COMING UP! GET THOSE MIRRORS OUT AND BE SURE YOU COVER EVERY SIDE BUT THE FRONT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE! AN UNSEEN VEHICLE MOVES ACROSS THE DESERT WASTELAND!

CLEVER, EH, BOYS? MIRRORS THAT COVER THE TRUCK AND REFLECT THE ENDLESS SAND OF THE DESERT!

IT'S SURE Slick! NOBODY CAN SPOT US! THEM MIRRORS MAKE THE TRUCK BLEND RIGHT INTO THE SCENERY!

SOMETIME LATER... THE CAR REACHES THE LOOMING MOUNTAIN... TOOLS UP ITS FACE... THEN HALTS...

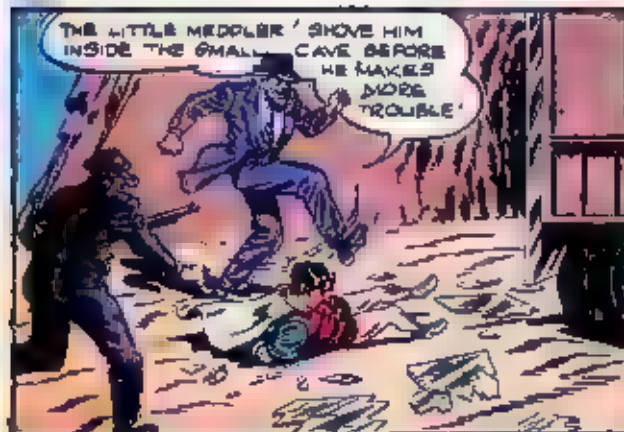
PUT THE TRUCK AWAY SLOTTER!

MOVE, BRAT!

TRICKY GADGET...

...BUT MAYBE I CAN PUT A CRIMP IN YOUR DISAPPEARING ACT!

CRASH!



THE LITTLE MEDDLER! SHOVE HIM
INSIDE THE SMALL CAVE BEFORE
HE MAKES
MORE
TROUBLE!



I HEARD ABOUT
THAT TINY RADIO
IN YOUR BELT!
I'LL JUST TAKE IT
IN CASE YOU
WIGGLE OUTA
THEM ROPES!



BUT ROBIN HAS BEEN ONE
JUMP AHEAD OF THE THUGS
ALL THE TIME!

GOOD FOR
ME THEY DIDN'T
SPOT ME PALM-
ING THIS HUNK
OF THAT GLASS
MIRROR I
SMASHED!



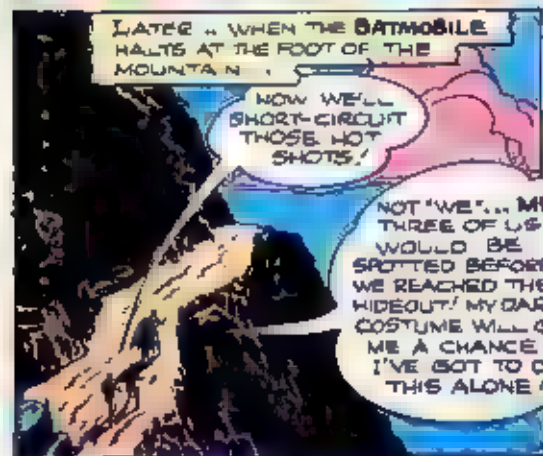
THE BATMOBILE!
BUT HOW CAN I CALL
BATMAN WITHOUT
MY RADIO? SAY...
THIS PIECE OF MIRROR
MIGHT HELP ME
AGAIN!



BATMAN! OVER THERE!
FLASHES OF LIGHT!

CAVE N.
MOUNTAIN... HIDEOUT.
COPPER... CACHE

SEMAPHORE
SIGNALS!
IT'S ROBIN!



LATER... WHEN THE BATMOBILE
HALTS AT THE FOOT OF THE
MOUNTAIN...

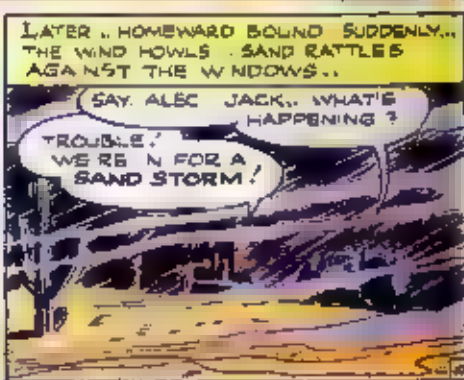
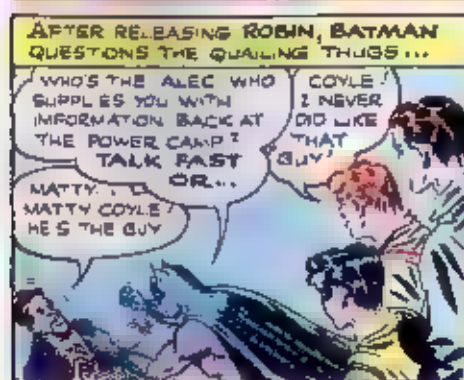
NOW WE'LL
SHORT-CIRCUIT
THOSE HOT
SHOTS!

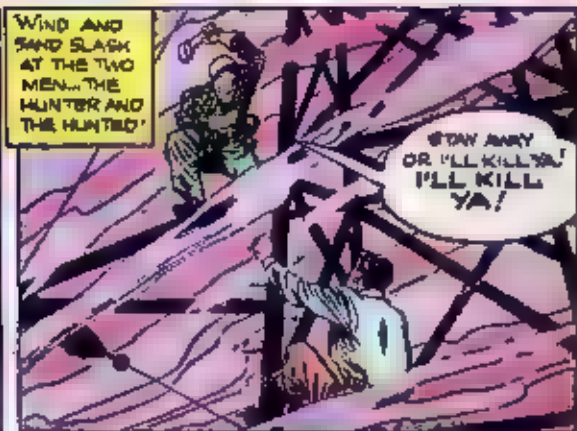
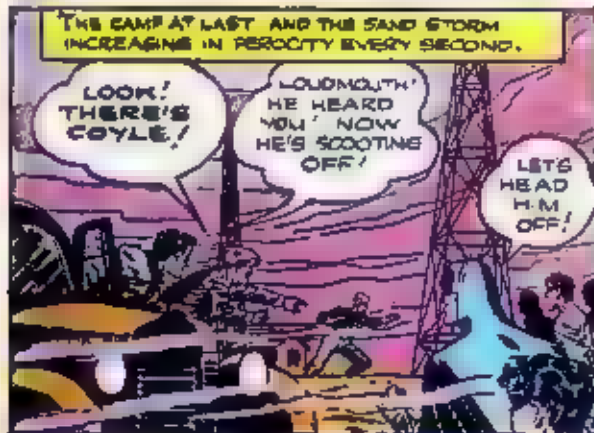
NOT 'WE'... ME!
THREE OF US
WOULD BE
SPOTTED BEFORE
WE REACHED THE
HIDEOUT! MY DARK
COSTUME WILL GIVE
ME A CHANCE!
I'VE GOT TO DO
THIS ALONE!



AFTERWARD... AN UNWARY
GUARD DOZES OFF IN THE
HOT SUN

HEY!!







AT THAT MOMENT THE FERCE WIND
TEARS AT AN ELECTRIC WIRE AND
RIPS IT LOOSE! A WIRE CABLE
CARRYING 290,000 VOLTS!



THE LIVE WIRE WHIPS ABOUT MADLY IN THE WIND--
AND LASHES AT COYLE. A PLACING CRACK--
THE SMELL OF OZONE--AND COYLE'S
ELECTROCUTED!



SOMEBOY'S GOT
TO GO UP AND
BRING JACK
DOWN

YEAH-- BUT THAT
WIRE'S LIABLE TO
LAND ON THE GUY
DOING THE RESCUING

LET ME THROUGH,
BOYS!



BUT SOMEONE'S AHEAD OF BATMAN?
ALEC-- THE MAN AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!



JACK
HELPED ME
OUT OF A
TIGHT SPOT
NOW WE GOT
TO PAY HIM
BACK!

ALEC!
COME BACK!
COME BACK!

UP UP CLAWING, FIGHTING HIS
WAY AGAINST HOWLING WIND
AND BLINDING SAND. BUT HIS
GREATEST FIGHT IS AGAINST
FEAR-- AND HORRIBLE REALITY--
BRIBES OF A DAY NOT SO LONG
AGO.



I'LL FALL
AGAIN. I'LL
NO GOT TO
GO UP MUST
LOOK DOWN
GOT TO GO
WHERE JACK
IS



AT LAST ALEC REACHES JACK... THEN FALTERS... RUBS HIS EYES...

USING A 100 FOOT BOOM CRANE, BATMAN SWINGS OUT, TEAPEZE FASHION...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

SAND IT'S BLINDING HIM! HE CAN'T GET JACK DOWN BY HIMSELF. I'VE GOT TO GET UP TO HIM SOME WAY...

QUICK! GET JACK AND I'LL GRAB YOU BOTH! HURRY! THAT LIVE WIRE IS WHIPPING BACK OUR WAY!

RESCUE AMONG THE ELEMENTS... AND NONE TOO SOON! AS THEY QUIT THE TOWER, THE LIVE WIRE STRIKES!

LATER... WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDES AND JACK RECOVERS...

BATMAN, I HEARD HOW YOU SAVED ALEC AND ME! THANKS.

ALEC, THEY TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID! THAT TOOK NERVE-PLenty OF IT! I... I'D BE PROUD TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

SURE I WAS GETTING TIRED OF SHAKING MY RIG AT YOU I'D RATHER SHAKE YOUR HAND FOR A CHANGE.

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS OVER THE SANDS--HOMeward BOUND!

BY THE WAY, ROBIN... DID YOU EVER GET THAT ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL AND THAT BRASS MAGNET? HA! HA! HA!

AW, SOMEONE TOLD YOU NOW I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!

YOURS
FOR ONLY 2 WHEATIES
BOX TOPS AND 5c

**GET BOTH
P-40 FLYING
TIGER AND JAP ZERO**

Two complete fighter planes,
full color models. Easily as
illustrated. Over 9 inch wing
spread. Hollow stream-
lined fuselage. Official
scale insignia.

**TEAR
OUT
AND
MAIL
TODAY!**

Jack Armstrong
Dept. 847, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying
fighters: Curcio P-40 Flying Tiger and Jap Mitsubishi
Zero.
I enclose TWO Wheaties box tops and five cents.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____

State _____

MODELS THAT
FLY!

EASY TO BUILD! EASY TO FLY!

Fly and fight authentic models of the fighting demons now battling over China and Burma theaters of war. Build them yourself from Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Flying Model Kits. Get complete unassembled planes, laid out in full-color on specially treated paper stock—with assembly charts and step-by-step construction data. Real fun to build. And your plane is ready for test flight in about two hours.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, these are real flying models. Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Or, rigged for continuous G-line flight, they zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control.

Don't have to "bake" these fighters. Like the dandy planes they're modeled after, your P-40 and Zero are built for flash speed and slick maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. Send them on hundreds of fighting forays or straining sweeps—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Two planes in a series of the world's famous fighting aircraft—which are your extra dividend for eating Wheaties. These realistic flying models were developed exclusively for Wheaties. **THEY CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY THROUGH WHEATIES.** Start right now to get every one of these Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Model Planes. And start enjoying the champion nourishment and sippy flavor and good fun—in a bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, that well-known "Breakfast of Champions."

SEND FOR YOUR PLANES AT ONCE! NOW!

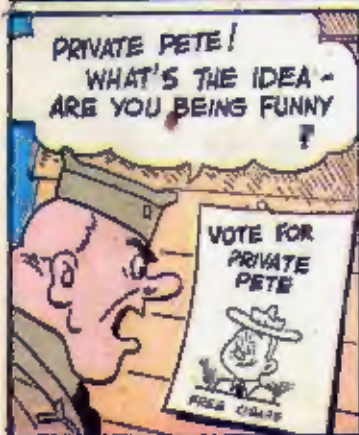
Use easy to mail coupons, OR JUST SEND your name and address with two Wheaties box tops and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Dept. 847, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Hurry! This is a limited offer—good only until December 1, 1944. Send at once! Get going and GET FLYING!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



PRIVATE PETE

Small text box containing the words "and many more" in a stylized font.



THESE CAN BE YOURS

and
MONEY
too!



**BASEBALL
AND
GLOVE**



JACKKNIFE

**FISHING
OUTFIT**

HANDSAKE

**COIN
CASE**

**AIRPLANE
MODELS**



Look them over, fellows! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment, Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even ties for your hikes. The list—plenty of peachy prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's fun. It's easy!

All you have to do to earn Prizes like these, and a Cash Income of your own is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers when you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Takes only a small part of your spare time, and will not interfere with school or other activities. Why, in no time at all, you'll have a business of your own, a regular income, and Prizes that will be the envy of all your buddies.



**LET'S
GO!**

Fill out and mail coupon at once. I'll send you my free Prize Book and start you earning Money and Prizes for delivering Collier's to customers you obtain. If you don't want to clip coupon, then write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 47 THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST-CARD TODAY

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 47

The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ (P) Postal _____

CITY _____ (if your city is not listed.)

STATE _____

GET STARTED NOW —



No one can resist **Cookies**
made with

SEND A BOX
 TO YOUR BOY
 IN SERVICE



Candy

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS